

SOCCER TEAMS PLAY TO A TIE; NEITHER SIDE ABLE TO SCORE

Defensive Play on Both Sides is Big Feature of Game;
Austin High School Team Now Accepts Challenge
From the Tigers; "Toltalk" Gets Third Prize
in the Truck Division of Automobile Parade.

SUNDAY morning's rain made the field at Rio Grande park rather heavy and slow for the soccer match Sunday afternoon between the 10th Infantry and the United Empire club and also had the effect of keeping down the attendance, but the teams put up a corking good exhibition of the game despite the handicap. The teams played very evenly matched and divided the points, neither being able to score.

The defensive work of both teams was the big feature of the contest. The back divisions played a wonderful game and the forwards were unable to penetrate close enough for accurate kicking on the goals.

The Empires played four new men, and all made good. Montell, Bennett, Blackham and Chant were the new players. The Empires now have a lot of fine material and will be able to field an eleven that can hold its own with any in the southwest.

Practically no changes were made in the 10th Infantry team and that team is improving in combination play with every game.

Chris Fox would like to see the high school athletes get up a soccer team and enter the league with the United Empire and two army teams. He does not believe that it will be possible to get up an independent football team for the college style of play from among the high school students, for they will not be able to spare the re-

quired time for practice, but he believes that the Tigers could put a corking good soccer team in the field if some competent person will volunteer his services as a coach.

The Austin high school football team was challenged by the El Paso high school eleven to play for the state championship, but Austin paid absolutely no attention to the Tigers. After playing out their regular schedule, the Tigers disbanded for the season, and now Austin comes along with an offer to play a game in Austin for the state honors.

The matter is now under consideration by the local high school officials, but as the players have broken training and are now giving all their attention to their studies, it is unlikely that the game will be arranged.

Third prize in the truck division of the big automobile parade on Friday night went to the Toltalk garage, for its unique "Toltalk animal" which "eats 'em alive." There was some confusion over the numbers and another concern was announced as the winner of this prize. The Toltalk exhibit was mounted on a Simplex trailer and towed in the parade and it got many laughs, being one of the most original floats shown.

The great majority of the dealers are well pleased with the results of "Auto week" and when the final meeting of the temporary organization is held this week, steps will be taken to form a permanent organization.

Manager Explains How "Kid" Lost Shows How the Old Alibi Game Works

NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—He was the manager of a box fighter. His man had been defeated. So he was in to tell us about the matter, although that was not the ostensible purpose of his call. He had happened in, he said, just to see us.

After he had said "hello" right back at him, he sat down and talked of this and that, and the other thing, until we took pity on him and gave him a little lift.

"Well," said we, casually. "You ran into some tough luck in Boston, hey, what?"

"Tough luck," he repeated, eagerly. "I should say it was tough. It was a raw deal, too. We got the work. Let me tell you about it. But get me right: get me right. I ain't here with no aim. I just happened in to see you, but since you've said me, I'm going to straighten you out on some things. You never hear me squawkin', do you? No matter what comes off, do you? No, you don't, do you? Well, listen:

"I see what you had in the paper from Boston, but you know how them slick towns is. They send out anything they think of. That item you had don't explain nothing about what come off. Well, it was rich. It wudhanded you a good laugh. I can always see the funny side of them things myself.

"We shudden took the match in the first place, and we wudh done it, only I thought it would be a good idea to toss a battle under the Kid's belt, as he was layin' round don't nothin' and eatin' his head off. He picks up quick and it takes about one week for him to keep from goin' stale. We're just after him that tough kid up in Hartford, and we're steamin' up to challenge Welch for the title, but I didn't want the Kid layin' around.

Right on the Job.
"Well, the other day Hooch, 'at runs 'at club in Boston, comes over here all in a sweat and meets me and tells me some way he has matched to box Rough House Reuben has took a run-out powder on him, and it looks like his show is crumpled. He's tryin' to

get Kid Lewis, or somebody, but they want too much dough, and he don't want to do it. Well, I know this Rough House Reuben is an awful bum, understand, so I figures we might as well grab off a piece of change for ourselves and give the Kid a workout at the same time.

"Well, we ain't got nothin' on this week, so I'll fill in if you're lookin' for somebody. I says, 'knowin' all the time about this Rough House Reuben bein' the worst bum in the whole world. He cudden lick your grand-mother, you know 'at. He's a terrible bum; terrible, but they like him in Boston.

"You will, will you?" he says. "Who you got?"

"Well," I says, "I can throw the Flatbush Kid in there for that date."

"Him?" he says. "Why he wudden draw in an opium joint. Besides, he can't fight."

"Well, all right, I says, a little more. Maybe you had better get somebody else. You can get us for two hundred and fifty, and rattler ducks, and somebody else'll cost you a lotta dough, but maybe you better get somebody else."

"I will," he says. "I'll get anybody else but the Flatbush Kid. He cudden make no showin' with Reuben, and he wudden draw his breath."

"So he goes away, but next day he's back again. He can't get nobody else, which I know he can't all along. Nobody won't fight on that short notice, you know 'at.

How it Happened.
"Well," he says, "I'll give you one-fifty and ducks for the Flatbush Kid," he says, and I grab him quick. You see I know what a bum this Rough House Reuben is, and I figures that one fifty'll buy the old turkey for 'Thanksgiving,' anyway, besides givin' us a nice workout. That's how we come to 'it' to Boston.

"There's a fair house, considerin'." Notin' extra, but fair. We've showed in Boston before, of course, and the people like the Kid, but they didn't have time to do no ballyhoos for this match. Besides, it's rain and cold, but there's two or three hunner bucks in

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Menke's First Selection Averages Scoring 199 Points From End to End.

BY FRANK G. MENKE.
NEW YORK, Dec. 6.—Here are our all-American football selections, every member having played an average of eight games. The eleven men have scored a total of 617 points the past season:

Player and Pos.	Gms.	Pts.
Chamberlain (Neb.) end....	8	86
Witherspoon (W. & J.) tackle....	9	6
White (Syracuse) guard....	8	256
Peck (Pittsburgh) center....	8	2
Spears (Dartmouth) guard....	9	239
Buck (Wis.) tackle....	8	12
Higgins (Penn. St.) end....	9	24
Barrett (Cornell) quarter....	9	161
Mayer (Virginia) h. b....	7	186
DePrato (Mich. Agg.) h. b....	8	120
Mahan (Harvard) f. b....	8	175

Average weight of backfield, 177 pounds.

Team averages, weight, 191 pounds; height, 5'11"-5'10"; age, 22 years.

Player and Pos.	End	Quarter	Guard	Tackle	Center	Fullback
Squires (Ill.)
Abell (Colgate)
Fitzgerald (Notre Dame)
Dunnigan (Minn.)
Shull (Chicago)
Shelton (Cornell)
Russell (Chicago)
Hastings (Pittsburgh)
Rutherford (Neb.)
Bierman (Minn.)

The first eleven, in our opinion, is an unstable combination—a team made up of stonewall linemen, of the faster, trickiest ends in the country and backfield men of such power that nothing but a steel and concrete wall could effectively halt.

Pete Russell of Chicago, is a wonderful quarterback. Williamson, of Illinois, is another brilliant pivot man, yet both must step aside and give to Charlie Barrett, of Cornell, the honor of quarterback on the first all-American eleven.

Barrett the Peerless Quarter.
Barrett, in the opinion of the majority of veteran football students, is the greatest quarterback of all time—the star of the west eight or ten years ago. Barrett is as good a punter as was Eckersall, but the westerner "edged" him slightly on drop kicking skill. However, Barrett is a line smasher—and Eckersall never was.

Those who take issue with the statement that Barrett is the greatest quarterback of all time, but to look at his scoring record for the season—161 points in nine games—scored against such big elevens as Michigan, Harvard, Pennsylvania and Washington & Lee.

Mahan For Fullback.
To Eddie Mahan the great Harvard captain goes the fullback job. Mahan is the best all around fullback seen in the east in many years. He can hit a line with terrific power, he is as speedy as Mercury of the Grecian days; he is a splendid punter and a drop kicker par excellence. Mahan rounded into form rather slowly this year but he played a wonderful game against Princeton and in the Yale

Just the same, which is pretty good, considerin'.

"Well, I know what a bum this Reuben is, so I tell the Kid as we're goin' into the ring. Give 'em as good a show as you can with him. Don't knock him out too quick. Just box him nice for a couple o' rounds, and I'll tell you when."

"I'll knock him dead," says the Kid, and I know he will, too, because he knows all about this bum, though we never boxed him before.

"Well, when the old gong taps, they go out, and—wham!—the Kid cuts loose, old heaven help us, right off the reel. He don't miss him by an inch. If this bum hadn't moved his nut to one side I'd been pay day right there.

Lots o' time, Kid, I says from the corner. "Take it easy, son, let him make the show good, understand. Well, the next minute—whop! The Kid tears loose with his left, but this bum manages to block it somehow. He beginnin' to dog it a'ready. Then they go into a clinch, and this bum's holdin' on. You know the Kid don't never like to hold. He likes to just rip and tear along, but this bum had him with a strangle hold, and he cudden break loose.

Kid Loses His Hearing.
"Then just as this referee gets between 'em and splits 'em out, this bum lets go his right from away down by his shoes, and accidentally grazes the Kid on the chin. At the same minute the Kid slips on a wet spot on the canvas, and down he goes. It was so sudden that I didn't see what was comin' off. Then this bum he falls, too, right on top of the Kid. He was overbalanced by his own weight, understand. The Kid was goin' away with the punch, see, and so it just grazed his chin. It cudden a—his head, or this bum wudden lost his balance, would he?"

"Well, anyway, this bum gets up first, and this bum he gets on his feet. The Kid just lays there. I yell for him to get up, but he don't hear me. The referee keeps on countin' 'I'm hollerin' murder, of course, but the Kid is still on the floor, and he never does get up until the referee says nine.

Then he staggers to his feet, and is reelin' around, and I see something is wrong with him. This bum is going to paste him again, but I skies the wipe, because I see something is wrong and I didn't want to see a good game kid badly hurt.

But he wasn't knocked out by the punch. When this bum fell on him, he landed on the Kid's stomach and knocked the wind out of him. He was knocked out—'at's what happened. Why, he was goin' great up to then. This bum cudden hit him with a bar towel in ten rounds. It was certainly tough luck. After a rest we'll be ready to challenge Welch again. Good-bye, I just thought I'd drop in to say hello.

QUARTERBACK IS CAPTAIN
OF PHOENIX HIGH ELEVEN
Phoenix, Ariz., Dec. 6.—Quarterback Frank Luke has been elected captain of the Phoenix high school football team for next term. Luke was one of the most valuable men on the team this year, although he is only 17 years old. All but four members of this year's team are to graduate in June.

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game he reached the zenith of his wonderful career. It may occasion surprise to find that we have selected DePrato, of the Michigan Aggies, and Mayer of Virginia, as teammates for Barrett and Mahan on the first eleven backfield. There are

some who may be of the opinion that Bierman, of Minnesota; Macomber, of Illinois; Tibbitt, of Princeton; Tallman, of Rutgers; Hastings, of Pittsburgh; Oliphant, of Cornell; Coffall, of Notre Dame; Collins, of Cornell; Coffall, of Notre Dame; Rutherford, of Nebraska; King, of Harvard; and Fallman, of Rutgers

record shows that he scored an average of 23 points per game. Against Yale's University of Michigan team DePrato played like a man possessed. He ripped to shreds the heavy Maize and Blue line, he skirted the ends almost at will, he outplayed the Michigan booter at least 10 yards in each exchange and when the final whistle blew the score was: DePrato, 23; Michigan, 8. This "wildfire half-back of the west" scored all the points against Michigan, making three touchdowns, three goals after touchdowns and one goal from field.

Mayer didn't get nation-wide publicity this season, merely because he played on one of the so-called "minor" elevens. His total of 106 points scored in seven games speaks for itself, and the conversation becomes quite loud when it is remembered that Mayer played against Yale and Harvard as well as the most powerful elevens in the south. No line could throw back the plunges of this 170 pound southerner. He was amazingly successful in his end runs and he had no peer on defensive play.

Chamberlain's Great Record.
Chamberlain, of Nebraska, and Higgins, of Pennsylvania States rank as the greatest pair of wing men who operated in 1915. Chamberlain's record is an astonishing one. An end isn't supposed to do very much in a scoring way, yet in eight games Chamberlain scored 16 touchdowns—96 points—an average of two touchdowns per game. Chamberlain alone scored 12 points more in eight games than the whole Yale team did in nine games; he alone scored 94 points in eight games against 100 points in nine games for the whole University of Pennsylvania team.

Higgins scored only 24 points during the season, yet in all around ability he ranked next to the great Chamberlain and he earned the job as mate for the Nebraskaan, nosing out such brilliant flank men as Shelton and Eckler, of Cornell; Royman, of W. & J.; Soury and Harro, of Harvard; Boston, of Minnesota; Squires, of Illinois; Miller, of the Michigan Aggies; Herron, of Pittsburgh and Hickey and Lamperton, of Princeton.

Peck Is Peer of Centers.
Peck, of Pittsburgh, in our opinion, is the peer of the several wonderful centers who started this season. Peck, a roving player, is an extremely powerful man, yet he is almost as fast as any pair of ends. Very often he was down the field on punts ahead of his team. He's a fighting youngster, full of "pep" and he has uncanny power in guessing the plays of the enemy before they are actually under way.

Cool, of Cornell; McKwan, of the Army; Hanson, of Minnesota, and Wat-

sons, of Illinois, all performed in a spectacular style throughout the 1915 season but Peck was a trifle superior in all around play.

White and Spears Are Hunky.
The west produced some wonderful guards—Dunnigan, of Minnesota, and Fitzgerald, of Notre Dame in particular—but in the final analysis White, the 250 pound Syracuse husky, and Spears the 236 pound Dartmouth person, rank as their superiors. White and Spears are not as fast as Dunnigan and Fitzgerald but they are more powerful. No gains ever were made through them this year, neither ever failed to open a hole for the half-backs when the order was given. Spears frequently was referred to as the "Whitmouth team." It was his playing that won many victories for the Green eleven.

Hogg, of Princeton, starred in the guard role this season, as did Dudmun, of Harvard; Soppitt, of Pittsburgh; Blocker, of Purdue; Brodie, of Chicago; Stewart, of Illinois; Barron, of Iowa, and Anderson, of Cornell, but none was in a class with White and Spears.

Choices for Tackles.
Witherspoon, of W. & J. and Buck, of Wisconsin are our choices for first team tackles. Witherspoon, despite his 185 pounds, is a second man. He's a sure and hard tackler, chuck full of fighting spirit, a stonewall on defense and a wonder in following the ball. Bob Folwell, the taciturn W. & J. coach, who rarely utters praise for a player, recently declared that Witherspoon was the best tackle he had ever seen throughout his gridiron career. And Folwell is a real judge of footballers.

Buck, the plucky Wisconsin leader, ranks as the best tackle the west has produced in many years. He was in every play and he was always "on" the ball. His team this year did not fare well in its battle for the Western Conference championship, but from each of its conflicts Buck emerged as the Wisconsin star.

Gilman, of Harvard; Shull, of Chicago; Boughton, of Ohio State; Abell, of Colgate; Melman, of Princeton; Parson, of Harvard; Corer, of Nebraska, and Blacklock, of the Michigan Aggies shone with especial brilliance in the tackling positions, yet none shone quite as brilliantly as did Witherspoon and Buck. And, so, to this pair goes the honor of first team position.

A team that averages 199 points from end to end; a team that averages 191 points as a whole; a team that has scored 617 points in eight games—that's our first eleven—what do you think of it?

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